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ACCOMMODATION,

A

POETICAL EPISTLE, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM
22 57
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A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

JOHN ASHBY, Esq;

BY

ROWLEY THOMAS.

QUI MORES HOMINUM MULTORUM VIDIT.——HOR.

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ACCOMMODATION, &c.

CONDESCENSION in the muſe
Severeſt critics will excuſe;
Condeſcenſion in the man
Is the *ſkilful*, *winning*, plan:
By condeſcenſion, here, I mean
Accommodation in the ſcene
Of life. —— Will *A---y* condeſcend
To view the trifler in the friend;

That friend who ever has, and will
Protect his character from ill;
Give up life, —— all *fancy's power*,
To cheer his every anxious hour?

Then ſurely *A---y* can't refuſe
The *whimſeys* of a *flighty muſe*.

A *bland*, *goodnatur'd*, *muſe* that muſt
Protect the good, —— the great, —— the juſt;
Protect the wiſe, —— protect the brave, ——
All, —— All, —— but *coward*, *fool*, and *knave*:
And cowards, fools, and knaves ſhall be
The objects of *her charity*.
Then *A---y* ſurely will excuſe
An *idle*, *truant*, *laughing muſe*;

A muſe

A muſe that ever will incline
To favour *A---y* with a line; ——
—— His *gentleneſs* can ne'er refuſe
The fondly, —— *overweening muſe*;
That oft *in perſon* will attend him,
And *counſel quaint* will freely lend him:
Then *A---y* never can refuſe
The *gambols* of this *frolic* muſe.

How! —— ſays, *Sir critic*; —— not to brand
With infamy the murdering hand;
And every character that can
Sink to the *brute* from *reaſoning man!*
——*Avaunt raſh criticiſm!* —— Learn ye!
He ſerv'd his time to vile attorney;

And *vile attorneys* ne'er can be
Fit ſubjects for *a laſh from thee:*
—— *We then* ſhould *too much* condeſcend. ——
What! —— Give our ſatire for no end!
No! —— Let him canter o'er the hill
Of *wild Parnaſſus with his quill*;
And ſtumble on without a note
From us, who *think* and *write by* rote.

The conſcious muſe, in native charms,
Laughs, —— 'till ſhe burſts, —— at ſuch alarms;
Dares every critic to defiance,
—— She never wiſhes *ſuch alliance*;
Dares every critic with a frown, ——
To laud her, —— *up*; to blaſt her, —— *down.*

With

With indignation now ſhe burns,
And gladly to that friend returns;——
Who gave her, with a *gentle hand*,
And *feeling heart*, each ſweet command:——
What to *embrace*,—— and what to *fly*
During her term of ſlavery.

Kind,—— gentle ſpirit!—— yet e'en he
Can ſcarce eſcape ſeverity;
Whoſe *noble mind*,—— and *ſwelling heart*,
Their virtues cheerfully impart
TO MAN AT LARGE:—— without a dream
Of *ſelf*'s attractive,—— darling theme;
That *luſcious*,—— *dear*,—— *engaging thing*,
Which ſways alike *the clown*,—— *the king*;——

At every place, —— at every hour, ——
Gives *ſtrange exemplars* of it's power.

The *cheerful reader* too 'll excuſe
The *queer digreſſions* of the muſe;
And give her credit for awhile
For every laugh, —— for every ſmile; ——
Which ſhe engages to exert, ——
Neither too timorous, —— nor pert;
As opportunity permits, ——
And ſhe can ſtrike ſome lucky hits.

Her firſt eſſay; —— *and all her own.*
—— *Sir critic*, fy! —— ſuppreſs that frown! ——

—— Solicits

—— Solicits favor, from ——

——————————*A FRIEND*:——

And, if ſhe meet with his applauſe,
Will lengthen out her *little cauſe*:——
—— *By daring*, in ſome future plan,
* *To analyze that creature man*;
Whether in poetry, or proſe,
Is inſignificant to thoſe,
Who think, —— *who act*, —— from *nature's ſchool*,
And never idly play the fool:——
—— As whilom *THOMAS* often did,
Without his ever being chid;——
Except by ſuch, —— as never knew,
Skilful to give the *fineſpun clew*

To

---

* Analyſis *of the human character*;——*begun by the author of this little performance*;——*ſhowing* POPE's Eſſay on man *unintelligible*, as a finiſhed, ——philoſophical, piece; *but* largely ſubſcribing *to the* inimitable beauties of it, *as a* merely poetical one.

To mild converſion's calm retreat; ——
—— Where all the *muſes*, —— *graces* meet; ——
And every *ghoſt*, —— and every *ſhade*,
Of *GODLIKE MAN*, —— that *GOD* has made:
Midſt ſcenes of *wildeſt diſſipation* loſt; ——
His *ſenſibility too often croſt*; ——
Thro' the *kindlieſt warmth of blood*,
Deſerting every *ſocial good*:
This, and that, perverſe vexation
Springing all from circulation
Of *boiling blood*, —— thro' every vein
Quick-trembling to it's ſource again, ——
The heart; —— whence every rapture flows
For every good, which it beſtows
On kindred man: —— without a thought
Of being aſk'd for, —— being ſought.

Spite

Spite of all the rage of faſhion, ——
Spite of every wayward paſſion, ——
Spite of nature's oppoſition; ——
He means to make a ſtrange tranſition
From *bad* to *good*; —— *offhand* reclaim
Each *immoral*, youthful aim;
And ſtranger ſtill! —— for *quirking ſeats*
Barter the *muſe's green retreats*.

Hold! —— cries, *dame prudence*; —— hold your hand
And liſten to this ſage command. ——
Beware, young man! —— with caution rove
O'er *legal bank*, —— thro' *quibbling grove*; ——
Let *law*, and *reaſon*, —— *PRUDENCE* join; ——
Then, then! you ſtrike a good deſign.

. . . . . .

Curſe on your tame, —— your frigid notions
And all ſuch *quack*, —— *cathartic potions.*

The *GOD OF NATURE* gave us paſſions, ——
To *grace us with* on all occaſions;
And gave us *reaſon* to control
The *frantic ſallies* of the ſoul.

Paſt follies! —— *Nature* ought to bear,
And think *him highly worth* her care.

. . . . . .

With

With all his faults, — and all his folly,
He's freed at length from *MELANCHOLY*;
And her attendant, — *APATHY.* —

— Dull, — *cynic apathy!* — whoſe boaſt,
And blunted praiſe is always loſt, —
By *ſeldom thinking*, — *never acting*; —
And yet it ever *ſeems tranſacting*.

A mere machine, — we uſe at will,
And keep it *going on*, — *or ſtill*,
As fancy leads: — a *moping jade*; —
A piece of clockwork, — only made
For *keeneſt cuts* of *comic wit*, —
Juſt when *my lady*'s in the fit
To flouriſh o'er *wild nature*'s page,
And *ſtamp the wretch* of every age.

The

The cruel critics ſtill abuſe
The *whimſical*, —— *meandrous muſe*; ——
Without one ſocial feeling dare
To blaſt *my firſt*, —— *my only care*;
And dully criticiſing ſay; ——
The pillars, when they artleſs lay,
The ſuperſtructure muſt betray: ——
Quickly the *caſtle*'s undermin'd
And by a *trifling gale of wind*.

So fare the laurel and the bays
Of ſuch a rhymeſter's *jingling lays*; ——
—— His *canting*, —— *puling*, —— *lukewarm* [rhymes], ——
The *brawling brats* of *coldeſt climes*, ——
The *laurel* claim and *blooming bays*,
Without the leaſt pretence to praiſe: ——

—— Let

— Let gentleſt breezes gently come,
They ſhake his *high-aſpiring plume*, —
Which trembling drops, — without a tear
From us who give him, — *every fear.*

And now, *AERIAL GENIUS!* — now
Stoop to my muſe, — ſhe'll teach you, how
To ſweep the ſkilful, — *winning bow.*

Bend *genius*, — bend! — accept this *new*, —
This grand, — *accommodating clew*;
— Nobly defend the muſe's claim
A *mirthful muſe*'s honeſt aim. —

— *And when dull apathiſts perceive*
That you the *myſtic muſe* can believe; —
They'll *crawl it on*, — *in faith with you*,
And own themſelves *high-honoured* too. —
— Let but the lower ranks comply, —
You'll have the *muſe's leave* to fly, —
And *ſoar it to* your native ſky.

Firſt let the *towering genius* dare
To make *high worth* his *conſtant care*; —
Next let the towering genius bend
To make each *honeſt heart*, — *his friend.*
And never think it worth his part
To court *the head without the heart*: —

— *We*

—— *We grant*, —— that where they kindly meet,
The union forms *an higher treat* : ——

But a good heart, —— *the deity will own*, ——
Far,——*far excels*,——*the merely laurel'd crown.*